

THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cotter.*



THE QUARREL PREVENTED.

THE HOUSE OF DE VALDEZ.

BY FRANCES BROWNE.

CHAPTER VI.—DON HENRIQUE'S DISCOVERY.

THE sweet May night had fallen on that fragrant wilderness through which the mountain road of the south wound downward to the venta of San Juan de Roca. The May moon was shining with a soft clear light, veiled at times by those white fleecy clouds so frequent in the nights of early summer, but sufficient to guide a solitary horseman, who rode slowly

down the steep and rugged descent by which the road entered the dell. It was Don Henrique de Valdez, alone once more, while his merchant friend was left far behind, seeing that the long train of laden mules was brought up in good order, and that neither man nor beast was missing, before they reached the venta, where all were to rest for the night. Their friendly converse had been resumed, after the slight interruption regarding the prospects of Don Henrique's sister. But the storm clouds thus raised still brooded on the mind of young De Valdez.

He did not hear the songs of the nightingales that came fitful and sweet from the thickets of wild myrtle and acacia skirting his path; he did not notice the unusual light that shone up from the venta, nor catch the sounds of mountain pipe and tambourine that rose from the scene of the closing festival. His causes of wrath and care were with him in the beautiful wild, shutting out the peace of night and the loveliness of nature.

"Oh, poverty, poverty," he cried, speaking out his thoughts to the solitude, "what a bitter heritage thou art for a gentleman! Happy the peasant who tills his own fields, wears his brown pano, and knows himself to be as fine as his clownish neighbours! Happy the shepherd who shears his sheep and sells his wool, and weds his daughter, with a dowry of a ram and ten ewes, to the son of some other fold-keeper! But the blue blood without wealth is crossed and insulted at every step. Here am I, after ten years of serving his Catholic Majesty by land and sea, come home without post or office, gold or domain, to find the old house poorer than ever, and a peddling trader of Jewish blood daring to expect my sister's hand. She shall go to the convent the week after I get home, if her beauty were as great as that of Zorayah, the morning-star of the Moors, who helped to ruin Granada. It cannot bring her a rich *hidalgo* for a husband, and our family shall not be further disgraced. After that I'll go directly and court my aunt's cousin, Leonora Guzman. What if she is as plain as a sign-post, and has a great affection for garlic! a man cannot get on without money—anything is better than to be poor, I have found out that. But who is that coming up the valley?" he added, as the approaching figure of Jacinta caught his eye.

It was ten years since he had seen her last, but Don Bernardo's housekeeper was to be known even by moonlight to those who had once caught sight of her. "You here, Jacinta!" he cried. "How are they all in the old house in La Moreria? Don't you know Henrique de Valdez?" And the next moment the robust and handsome soldier was folded in the kindly, faithful arms of his childhood's nurse and his boyhood's admonisher.

"Welcome home, my brave boy! Who could have thought of meeting you here? are all our good things coming at once?" she cried. "Up here on the mountains you don't know what I mean, and it is no matter—my poor head is spinning round to see the last of the De Valdez come back, never more to leave his kin and country, I hope."

"You are right there, Jacinta; I mean to go abroad no more, but settle at home, and get married, like a Christian and a gentleman. Can you tell me if Donna Leonora de Guzman has gone to a convent or got a husband yet?" said Don Henrique, full of his own plans.

"She has done neither, to my knowledge," said the surprised Jacinta.

"So much the better; I knew she would wait for me. Jacinta, we must get that matter settled without delay."

"You have not made your fortune, then? How disappointed your uncle will be, poor man! I knew it was all in his own fancy, for the Biscayan said nothing of the kind."

"What Biscayan has been talking of my affairs?" cried Don Henrique.

"Count Eduro, to be sure, who came to the old

house to tell us what a friend of his you had been in America, and that you were coming home. A pretty sight he got of your uncle too, and would have seen worse inside, but for me."

"A friend of his—I know nothing about the fellow."

"He is no fellow, Henrique, but a true nobleman."

"Of the Biscayan sort, I suppose—nobles that thrash their own corn and carry cheese to the market. I thought you knew the world better, Jacinta. But what has he been saying of me?"

"You will hear it all from your uncle time enough; but if the saints hear my prayers, Henrique, that Biscayan count will be your brother-in-law. He has been dancing with Rosada all day."

"Dancing with Rosada! What brought my sister here?"

"She came to Elasco's sheep-shearing feast. Poor child, it was a mercy to get her out of the gloomy old house some time from the mad don and the silly donna. Though I am bad enough myself, that had to go with her, for want of a better duenna."

"My sister dancing at a sheep-shearing feast, among mountain clowns and shepherd wenches! The daughter of De Valdez to be taken by the hand by every presuming peasant and story-telling traveller! Jacinta, Jacinta, is this your care and respect for our family?"

"Yes, Master Henrique, it is; I have told you the reasons already. And pray what have you brought home, after ten years in America, to get your sister into higher company, and better chances of a match?"

"She shall go home with me to-morrow, and to the convent of St. Elvira as soon as they will receive her," said Don Henrique.

"She shall not," cried Jacinta. "I tell you to your teeth, she shall not; you have no right over the child—you have done nothing for her, neither did your uncle and aunt, for they could not. I have brought her up and watched over her as my own, and I will die before I see the fair sweet girl forced into a convent cell in the flower of her youth."

"You forget yourself, Jacinta. No doubt you have been serviceable to our family," said Don Henrique, with cool haughtiness; "but I did not expect to hear my mother's duenna question my right as a brother to dispose of my orphan sister, according to the laws of Spain and the custom of noble families."

"Oh, your rights and your nobility! and the law, forsooth! you can stand on them to meddle and dispose, though they never carried you the length of getting the child a good dinner, or sending her decently dressed to mass; but I'll let you hear your deserving," cried Don Bernardo's housekeeper.

Ungallant and ungrateful men in all ages and nations have cast cynical reflections on the powers of woman's tongue; and if Don Henrique had never done the like before, he had some apology for it after that moonlight meeting. Jacinta's eloquence flowed like a torrent, increasing in volume as it went on. She rehearsed the misdemeanours of his childhood, the troublesome or mischievous tricks of his early youth, with side-long glances at the misdoings of his uncle, and the foolishness of his aunt; she found out by the insight of the moment how his time had been spent in America, and roundly taxed him with every possible extravagance as the reason why he had brought home no fortune.

Young De Valdez at first attempted the high and masterly strain, but it only made her answering tones louder, and her rehearsal more minute; then, as the recollection of family circumstances came like snow upon his wrath, he tried friendly remonstrance, but it was equally in vain; and at last, hearing the jingle of mule-bells on the path behind him, and dreading that Antonio Diaz and his muleteers might be edified by some part of her recital, he sprang on his horse, which had been quietly browsing during the stormy colloquy, and rode at full speed to the venta.

The sheep-shearing feast was over. The shepherd's company had all retired; those who lived near enough, to their own homes, in mountain glen or forest glade; and those whose dwellings were more distant, into the shepherd's venta, granary, and even sheepfold, accommodations being of little account after so gay and prolonged a festival, while the more favoured or familiar guests found room in the special habitation of Elasco and his family. Chief among that chosen few was the young girl regarding whom so fierce a tongue-war had been waged between her attached duenna and her newly-arrived brother.

All unconscious of the doom assigned her in Don Henrique's wrath and pride, and with no shadow of the cloister and the veil yet falling on her fair face, flushed with the heat and pleasure of a day so rare and memorable in her secluded life, Rosada de Valdez sat with her friend Gulinda in a little upper room, the private chamber of the shepherd's daughter, furnished in a luxurious manner for a girl of the mountains. Its walls were covered with a kind of coarse woollen tapestry made in Cordova; its single window was made of painted lattice-work, with linen curtains; its floor was carpeted with green rushes and wild flowers; its furniture consisted of a pallet-bed with a coverlet of white lambskin, a carved and inlaid chest which did duty for a dressing-table, two arm-chairs of fine osier-work, a bronze lamp made in old Moorish times, and the treasure most envied by all the mountain maids who chanced to see or hear of it—a small circular looking-glass hanging against the wall.

Such was Gulinda's bower, and proud and happy was the shepherd girl to share it with her high-born but less fortunate friend. They sat there together binding up their long hair for the night, and discussing with all the eagerness and delight of youth the small but to them interesting events of the festive day, while the moonlight shone in through the half-curtained window till it seemed to mingle with that of the ancient lamp, and the faint breeze of the summer night came with all the sweetness of the mountain pastures on its wing. There was a pure and tender friendship between those two young girls whose homes and histories were so different; the world had not had the opportunity of spoiling either. Gulinda looked up to the discreet and thoughtful Rosada, not so much because she was the daughter of De Valdez as on account of her clearer understanding and more self-reliant character; and Rosada loved the gentle, kindly, playful Gulinda, whose courage was like a bird, always ready to fly, and whose candour was as clear and true as the face of her own polished mirror. They kept no secret from each other, so their talk was free, and ran upon the admirers of the day.

"Do you think it was bold of me to put the garland on Count Eduro's head? What a jump I had to take for it, he is so tall," said Gulinda; "but I was afraid

Pedro Perez would make me give it to him. Oh, señora, I wish that man did not come here; I am sure he is not good, though my mother says it is not right to think so of any one without reason; but I know she does not like him herself."

"Neither do I," said Rosada, "though somebody told me, I think it was Lope Mendez, that he means to marry you."

"I would not have him for the world," said Gulinda, shrinking on her chair, "and I know my father and mother would not bid me do it; but, señora," and her voice sunk to a whisper, "they are afraid of him, too; I cannot think why, for my father has faced a bear alone, and my mother has such courage, I have known her to run out with a firebrand when wolves were prowling about our sheepfold and frighten them away. May be it was foolish or unkind of me, but all day long I could not help wishing that Count Eduro would quarrel and fight with him and gain the victory, as I am sure he would, and drive him away from this place for evermore. Oh, señora, what a brave and noble man the count looks, and how glad I was to see him dancing with you all day and minding nobody else."

"Ah, but he will go away to the grand court and company in Madrid and forget me entirely—" Rosada stopped short as the sound of a guitar, touched by a skilful hand, was heard beneath the window, and the next moment it was accompanied by a fine manly voice singing in musical Spanish.

"It is for you, it is the count," whispered Gulinda, clasping her friend's hand, while the warm flush came and went on Rosada's cheek, and the girls sat listening for the rest of the song; but instead of it they heard a sound of suppressed and angry voices and rapidly retiring steps, for just as Count Eduro completed the first verse of his serenade, he received a rough tap on the shoulder, and a man behind him said, "Who are you that come here to disturb a noble lady's rest?"

"I answer such questions with my sword, señor," said the count; "if you be a man who can use one, move on with me a little, that the lady's dreams may not be broken by our debate."

He did not see the stranger's face, nor could the stranger see his; a sudden cloud had come over the moon, but there was light enough in the southern night for hot spirits to draw weapons by. In a minute or two they had reached a level spot beyond sight or hearing of those in the latticed chamber, planted themselves face to face, and their swords flashed in the first beam of the returning moon; when, as swiftly it seemed as the light itself, a figure stepped in between them, and seizing the sword-arm of each with a grasp that felt like elastic steel, said, "Hold, young señors! Would you slay each other in this paltry quarrel—you, who have been true and loving friends?"

As he spoke, the clear, unclouded moonlight shone upon the three.

"Don Henrique de Valdez!" cried the count.

"Captain Edward Digby!" said Don Henrique, and from between them stepped the Capuchin friar of the posada, saying in a low tone, "Señor de Valdez, I have a message to deliver to you in the morning. Good-night, and a better understanding to you and you friend."

"Brave Captain Digby," said Don Henrique, recovering himself from the shock of the surprise, "this is an ill return for all the kindness you showed

me on the Spanish Main; but truly, had I known it was you, I should rather have made my acknowledgments for the honour you did to my sister. Can you forgive an unlucky man's mistake?" and he extended his hand to his late enemy.

"I could forgive much more than that to you," said Digby, grasping it with all the friendship of their former days. "Our quarrel took place in the dark. I have heard a learned preacher say most of men's quarrels come through darkness, without or within, and I am thankful to Providence that there came no evil out of it; and right glad to see you, my worthy friend, safe and well upon your native soil, though it seems to me that you were somewhat hasty in cutting short a simple love-song under a lady's window."

"Had I known who sang it, the case would have been different; but, bethink you, my sister has neither parent nor guardian but me. She is young, and report, as well as memory, tells me she is fair, for I have not seen her these ten years. You know the estate of my family, and also that beauty in poverty is, in the eyes of some men, a jewel dropped by the wayside, which he who finds may take. I arrived here not two hours ago, having come with the merchant Antonio Diaz and his caravan, whom I met on my way to Cordova; and learning that my sister was here among people far beneath her rank, and mingling in the sports and games of a sheep-shearing feast, my mind misgave me regarding her safety. Yet, doubtless, I should have waited, and made inquiries in the morning, knowing that she was in the house of the honest shepherd Elasco, a faithful retainer of my family—I may say the only one they have now; but at the tent which Master Antonio always carries for himself, by way of preparation against crowded ventas, and which he has pitched in the open pasture this pleasant night, with all his mules and men resting hard by around a watch-fire, to keep off the mountain wolves, a master muleteer, one Pedro Perez, who came on some business to the merchant, told us a merry jest, that the Biscayan count was gone to sing a serenade to the daughter of De Valdez, and that he carried a ladder of ropes, as well as a guitar. So you see," and Don Henrique looked heartily ashamed, "I had some reason for my haste and rough manner of interrupting a harmless song."

"As good reason as ever man had," said Digby: "That Pedro Perez is a false knave, with whom I should reckon at once, but that I owe him some kindness at a posada in Cordova, where I and my servant were put to straits for want of provisions, when shops were shut and nothing in the house."

"He is no friend of yours, captain. I knew it by his look when he told the tale, which I now believe was done in malice, the fellow having learned my name from some of Antonio's muleteers. I should have taken satisfaction on him for mentioning my sister's name in so light a manner, but for my unnecessary haste to see who was under her window. The less you have to do with that man the better; but, my good friend, now that we fairly understand each other," said Don Henrique, "I have heard that every Englishman goes mad some time in his life, and, with submission, I think that time must have come to the captain of the Mermaid, when I find him here in the heart of southern Spain, without help or fence but his single arm and sword, and my own, which will be always at his service."

"If it be held a sign of madness to prefer seeing the world and engaging in distant enterprise and bold adventure, to playing tennis and frequenting antechambers at home, then many of my countrymen are doubtless visited by that grievous malady," said Digby, smiling. "For myself, I am not aware that my wits are more than usually out of order. But having arrived off the English coast, and learning by certain letters that my gay acquaintance George Villiers, now called my lord of Buckingham, was right-hand man in the suite of Prince Charles, on his gallant errand to Madrid to woo and win, if fortune so favour him, your fair Infanta; and wishing to see something of Spain, because of a friend to whom I promised on the American waters that I would one day visit him in his native city of Cordova, I wagered by letter with Villiers and his company that I would join them at Madrid before the prince's courtship was finished, and help to sing a madrigal under the Infanta's window. Our wager was a mask, to be given to the court ladies at the loser's expense. The poet Ben Jonson promised to compose it for us; and having settled that matter, I set sail in my good ship for the Spanish coast; landed privately near Tarifa with my faithful servant Lope Mendez, whom you doubtless remember, leaving my trusty Lieutenant Adams to take care of the Mermaid, and cruise in the Spanish waters till my adventure was completed; but with strict orders to take no prize, though a galleon should come in his way, as the like might not further Prince Charles's match-making. Neither might it have secured my own safety to be known as an Englishman, and found out by some cunning man of office, or familiar of the Inquisition, to be Captain Digby of the Mermaid; and knowing that the north and south of Spain were as much strangers to each other as men of different nations, I took upon myself the character of a Biscayan, of which I knew something through Lope Mendez, indeed a goodly specimen of the sea-bound province, gave my name a Spanish twist, and then got through the land with small difficulty till I reached Cordova. There my journey was stayed by the delay of a caravan with which I intended to cross the mountains, as Lope would not agree to venture on them by ourselves. There also I found out you had not yet arrived, but nevertheless I intruded on your family, which, trust me, I should not have done, but that there was no other way of getting acquainted with a fair lady whom I had seen to my cost one day in La Mezquita. That is my excuse, Don Henrique, and surely it is one which a gallant man may well accept from another."

"You need no excuse to me, Captain Digby, it is rather the poverty of our house, and the odd ways it has brought with it to my poor relations, that require apology."

"Nay, Don Henrique, misfortune is its own advocate, inasmuch as no mortal can be assured against falling into the same. It grieved my heart to see your noble house so impoverished through the injustice of an evil and most iniquitous tribunal; but the worth and splendour of one jewel contained within its walls cast a light and a loveliness on all the mansion to me, and I have had the good fortune to meet her again at the shepherd's feast on the mountains. I speak of your incomparable sister, the lady Rosada, whose youthful beauty, if I rightly understood your words, you have not yet seen. Let me give you joy of her, my friend, for truly she is fair beyond all women

whom I have looked upon, and wise beyond her years—a lady whom the noblest don in Spain, ay, and the best born lord in mine own England, might be proud to call sister."

Captain Digby, though he did not suspect so, was verifying the opinion of Bacon, that no flatterer ever rose to such superlatives as the thoughts of the lover regarding the beloved; but at this point he paused for a moment, and then added quickly, "Don Henrique, we are and have been friends, though our creeds and our nations are different; you are the lady's only guardian, therefore I will speak plainly as we stand here alone under the solemn night. If I had the good fortune to win her favour, would you be willing to call me brother for her sake?"

"With all my heart," said Don Henrique, "I could not ask a nobler, better husband for my only sister; and doubtless, captain, if you were wedded to a fair and virtuous lady of the Spanish land you would give up the pursuit of Spanish galleons, and your roving life upon the seas, and settle at home like a well-to-do gentleman, living upon and improving the family estate which you will one day inherit."

"Such are my intentions," said Digby. "Truly says the poet, man is like a bird, ever ready to spread his wings and fly about the world, till love spreads the net and lays the lime which snares him foot and feathers. I am tired of the roving life already, and would willingly give up this adventure on which I am bound to Madrid, but that it would seem a failure of courage."

"Take no thought for that," said Don Henrique, "your adventure is nipped in the bud. Antonio Diaz, who comes straight from Madrid, gave me certain intelligence yesterday that the scheme of marriage between the Infanta and the English prince was entirely broken through and cast aside, some say on account of the overbearing ways of my lord of Buckingham, who would not give precedence to priest or layman; some say because the match went against the mind of the king's confessor; and some have a tale that a Moorish astrologer whom the Duke de Olivares keeps in his service, in spite of the Inquisition, read the stars for the English prince Charles, and learned that he would one day die on a scaffold, which seems to me an incredible thing. At any rate, the match is broken off, and the prince is on his way home. You would have no chance of joining in the madrigal if you went to Madrid, and you might have a chance of joining in something less to your mind, so take my advice and return with me to Cordova. Though I cannot show you the hospitalities I could wish, I have friends who will do it; you will have an opportunity of making suit to my sister, and if the wind blow fair, of returning to England in proper time to acquaint your family before bringing them home a dowdless bride, as I grieve to say Rosada must be."

"Nature has dowered the lady nobly, and trust me, the Digbys regard birth and breeding like their own more than fortune, which is a question for churls and traders. Right gladly will I follow your advice, since either the duke's astrologer, the king's confessor, or my lord of Buckingham's pride, has set aside my wager. But tell me one thing, my friend," and Captain Digby drew nearer, "do you know anything of that Capuchin friar who stepped in between us to-night?—the best service, in my opinion, that friar ever did to men."

"I know little of him, and yet we are in some degree acquainted," said Don Henrique. "My first meeting with him was at a posada in Seville, where I had some hot words with an insolent fellow who would have his supper cooked before mine. The friar was sitting in the chimney corner at the time, and, as might be expected from his cord and cowl, he interfered in a friendly way, to moderate our quarrel, and privately advised me to oppose the fellow no further, for he was the king's courier riding post on some weighty business—I verily believe it was this broken-off match between the English prince and the Infanta. But in return for his counsel, I invited the friar to share my supper and wine, which he frankly did; and in making some reflections on the times, which I could not well help, seeing that a man of the best blood in Spain, who had moreover served his Catholic Majesty by land and sea, must needs give way to a court courier, I hinted that there was a day when my ancestors would scarce have given precedence to the king, much less to his servant. This brought on a talk of the changes and reverses which had come to great names and houses since Carlos the First's time, and among others the friar mentioned my own family, and dwelt on the misfortunes of the house of De Valdez with so much eloquence and sympathy, that I, being somewhat moved, and having drunk freely of the Seville wine, which always loosens the string of my tongue, at once told him my name and my history as far as it was worth telling, and, truth to say, the best part of it concerned Captain Digby. Thereupon the friar grew confidential also. I may as well say he had his full share of the wine. A more jovial Capuchin I never met. He told me all he had been doing and all he meant to do, but I can remember only that he had been in Morocco, on a mission from Cardinal Tavera, regarding some ancient church plate which the Moors had carried away from the Cathedral of Toledo, ages ago, and the Sultan still kept in his treasury. He said that the cardinal, who is, you must know, Archbishop of Toledo, and second cousin on the mother's side to my aunt, Donna Natella, was his special patron; and not the cardinal alone, but the cardinal's sister, Donna Constanza Rosada de Fonseca. She is, by all accounts, cardinal and archbishop herself, being the wealthiest widow in old Castile, without son or daughter, and much given to managing the affairs of the church, while his eminence is occupied with painters, poets, musicians, and such-like people. Well, Donna Constanza—that is the name she pleases to be known by—patronised him too; I am not sure that he was not one of her private secretaries; and when I had explained the relationship that existed between my family and the Taveras, the friar promised to use his best endeavours with the high and mighty Donna, and induce her to do something for either my aunt or my sister, as she had no countenance for men except they were in the church. He said it would be a work of time, and must be gone about warily, the Donna having much business on her hands, little time for considering anybody's necessities, and great aversion to anything allied to blot or blame. However, he promised to do his best, and told me as he passed to-night that he had a message to deliver to me in the morning, which puts me in some sort of good hope for the poor old people at home, to whom I am coming back empty-handed."

"It is strange that you and I should have such different reports of the same friar, for the same I am sure he is," said Digby, and he proceeded to relate what he had seen and heard from Pedro Perez of the Capuchin.

"The fellow was either mistaken or speaking falsely, in my opinion," said Don Henrique; "you Englishmen see no good in monks and friars, I know, but my custom is to speak well of the wine that gives me no headache. This Capuchin did me a good service at Seville, by preventing me from running the king's courier through, and thereby getting on the king's scaffold; he did us both a good service to-night, by keeping our swords from each other's breasts, where they might have been deep enough before the moon showed us each other's faces. All that wear the cowl are not spies of the Inquisition or meddlers in men's private affairs, as I greatly suspect Pedro Perez is."

"I do not trust the man, and am well pleased that it is not my fortune to journey with him to La Mancha; but in this country of yours, my friend, one knows not whom to trust. If Perez spoke falsely, which I doubt not is his wont, he believed what he said regarding the friar, and trembled too," said Digby. "Were it not well, since the English alliance is broken off, and Englishmen may hope for little court favour in Spain, to keep up the Biscayan disguise in my return to Cordova? though it is manifest to me from your report, and also from what the friar said regarding our friendship, that he has a knowledge of who I am."

"Do as you think best, Digby, I know not what to advise. This friar is a problem beyond my solving; but you have twice my understanding of any difficult affair,—do as you think best," said Don Henrique. "It may be as well to pass still for a Biscayan; all can be explained to Rosada in good time, and, take my word, she will not refuse you for being born in England."

"I never heard of a man who was rejected for that misadventure," said Digby. "But the night is wearing away, had we not better retire to our quarters, and lie down, trusting in Providence and fearing neither friar nor anything else in black? My couch is a heap of rushes under a wild olive-tree in Elasco's courtyard. Honest man, he would have me into his house: stranger though I was, that shepherd has shown me marvellous civility. But I preferred the shade of the wild olive, because of the liberty it gave for singing under a certain window. Will you share it with me, my friend?"

"That I will; many a worse resting-place have we shared on the wild shores and isles of the Spanish Main," said Don Henrique. And the two young men turned into the courtyard, where all was silent by this time, except the heavy breathing of the worn-out revellers, who chose to pass the night in its rush-strewn corners.

Nevertheless, they were not the only wakeful ones in the scene of the day's festival. The shadow of Elasco's olive-grove concealed from the moonlight, and from them, a man whose rapid walk through the trees had not brought him in time to see their quarrel or its interruption; but soon enough to see their friendly shake-hands and subsequent conference. There Pedro Perez moved about like a wolf in the vicinity of a guarded flock, now approaching, then retreating, but always keeping close in the shade. It was not possible for him to catch their

words at that distance; but with the keen perception of all who are accustomed or inclined to spy, he could make out that the men were old and attached friends, and his apple of discord had been cast between them in vain. True to his character and kind, he stole silently from point to point of observation till they were fairly gone; then breaking from his hiding-place, he ran to the spot where the Biscayan count last stood, and stamping on the ground as if his fancied rival were there beneath his feet, he poured forth a volley of abuse, threats, and imprecations, fearful enough to frighten the mountain owls that were now flying around him. It was not one of their wings that smote upon his shoulder with a light, quick tap, but the hand of a figure that had followed him unseen and unheard through the olive-grove and out of it, and the furious man turned to find himself confronted by the Capuchin friar.

"What art thou swearing for, Perez?" said the unexpected monitor, looking him straight in the face with his keen penetrating eyes. "Hast thou not sins enough to answer for, without adding to them by profane oaths and wicked curses?"

"One can't help an oath or a curse at times," said the master muleteer, losing all the fierceness of his wrath, and cowering like a detected schoolboy under fear of punishment. "That fellow from Biscay is trying to cut me out with the shepherd's daughter, and I know his intentions are not honourable, for he is also courting the Señora de Valdez."

"Carlos Carpaza," said the friar, in a very distinct whisper, "what hast thou to do with any honest man's daughter? thou that hast already a wife in the city of Aranjuez, wedded before thy days of rapine and blood-spilling began; thou whose false vows many a maiden has believed to her sorrow; thou whose crimes are as numerous as the hairs of thine own head, which the ravens would be plucking off from some gibbet or city gate if thou hadst but thy due. Leave the maiden in peace, and her father's house free from the peril of thy presence, or I tell thee, that all thy gifts to the church, and observance of her ordinances, will not screen thee from the justice of the Holy Office. As to the Biscayan, he hath no knowledge of thy designs, and no mind to meddle with them; leave him in peace also."

"He is a heretic, father; I have heard him speak scornfully of your own order," said the cowed robber, looking as if he had hit on a good excuse at last.

"What is that to thee?" replied the Capuchin; "let the church deal with scorners, and beware lest the Inquisition deal with thee. Leave the Biscayan in peace, and be sure of this, that if thou or any of thy band do him harm, and still more, if harm come to the shepherd or his daughter, through thee or thine, I will give no absolution to such sinners, and also see that the crime is punished either by the holy tribunal or the secular power." With the last words the friar drew his cowl over his face and walked slowly away down the moonlit valley. Carpaza also turned and walked slowly towards the venta, but his face and his whole frame were working with suppressed anger, which, like enclosed fire, burned the more fiercely for want of space.

"I will do him no harm," he cried at length, when the friar was fairly out of sight and hearing, and the conflict between superstitious fear and native wickedness was fought and won—"neither I nor any of my band—oh, no. I will leave him in peace, holy father, where the noble Biscayan will find nothing to annoy

him but hunger and the mountain rats, and you will know nothing about it; it need not be confessed for years, or when one is at the last shrift. As for Gulinda, he can't suppose I will give her up. The girl pretends she doesn't care for me, 'tis true, and her father looks frosty enough at times, but nobody could refuse a fellow like me," and his air grew grandly foolish. "It is all to raise the value of the match; I would carry her off if I had another confessor; he has a marvellous care of that girl. I must keep quiet now and go to La Mancha to put him off the scent, but I'll leave the Biscayan in peace first;" and chuckling at his new project of wreaking his malice on the count, and at the same time cheating the dreaded Capuchin, Carlos Carpaza stole to his bed in the venta.

INSTINCT AND REASON.

I.

Do animals reason, or are all their actions and operations dictated by mere instinct? On this point, the opinion of Locke, admitted on all hands to be one of our deepest thinkers, and to be rarely at fault in his deductions, is worth attention. "It seems," he observes, "as evident to me that some of them [brutes] do in certain instances reason, as that they have sense;" and the illustrious Cuvier, after illustrating his proposition that at least the superior animals are gifted, to a limited extent, with mental powers, sums up his argument by saying: "We perceive in them, in short, a certain degree of reason, with the consequences, both good and bad, resulting from the exercise of that faculty in man. It resembles the dawning of intellect in the infant mind previously to the acquirement of speech."

It may be as well here to give as clear definitions of the word instinct, as distinguished from reason, as we have been able to meet with, although Kirby, following the French naturalist Bonnet, maintains that philosophers will make fruitless efforts to define it, "until they have spent some time in the head of an animal without actually *being* that animal!" This peculiar position we can scarcely expect to be realised, and therefore we must be content to do our best without the knowledge to be attainable by such transmigration of soul!

Instinct has been characterised by one author as "a natural impulse to certain actions which animals perform without deliberation, and without having any end in view, and without knowing why they do it." Or, it may be described as "an involuntary desire or aversion prompting to action without the intervention of reason, motive, or deliberation, but tending uniformly and exclusively to the preservation of the individual or propagation of the race." Many familiar examples might be adduced in illustration, but a very few will be sufficient for our purpose. A bee, when emerged from the chrysalis, immediately on becoming dry and gaining the full power of its wings, sets itself to work to construct a cell, or wanders forth to add to the general store, being just as expert in either operation as "the oldest inhabitant" of the hive. The common large white butterfly, laying its eggs on the cabbage—the tortoise-shell butterfly, on the nettle—intuitively secure for the young caterpillars, when hatched, a plentiful supply

of their proper food—a food, be it observed, that the parents themselves do not use. It is perhaps needless to remind the reader that *lepidopterous* insects (butterflies and moths) in the perfect state live, by suction, on the nectar of plants. The dragon-fly, which lives in the air, drops her eggs in the water, an element which the young are destined to inhabit. Still more admirable is the instinct by which the gad-fly ensures an entrance for its young into their strange dwelling-place, the stomach of the horse. It fastens its eggs by means of a glutinous substance to the hairs of his skin, and numbers of the tiny grubs, when hatched, are conveyed thence by the animal's tongue when licking himself: from the mouth they easily pass into the stomach. But what is strikingly worthy of notice is, that the insect never deposits its eggs on any part of the horse's skin which lies out of reach of his tongue. It is impossible to imagine human foresight more perfect. A pair of young birds build their nest for the first time of the same materials, display as much neatness and skill in the formation, and fix on as desirable a situation for it, as the most experienced of their species. The young of aquatic birds, when released from the shell, at once seek their proper element; and that this is as much the result of a natural instinct as an exercise of the imitative faculty, is demonstrated by the eagerness with which ducklings, hatched under a hen, betake themselves to the nearest piece of water, to the grievous perturbation of their alarmed foster-mother. By the same guidance most animals are enabled to avoid unwholesome or poisonous food, and to select that which is the very best fitted for their nourishment.

A very remarkable anecdote of instinct in an ass, an animal, as Mr. Kirby remarks, not famed for its sagacity, was related to him by a friend who personally knew the facts. The ass had been shipped at Gibraltar, on board the *Ister* frigate, bound for Malta. The vessel, at some distance from land, struck on a sandbank off the Point de Gat, and the ass was thrown overboard in a very high sea to give him a chance of swimming to the shore. A few days afterwards he presented himself at the stable which he had been accustomed to occupy in Gibraltar, and it was supposed that, through some oversight, he had not been taken on board the frigate. The vessel having to return to Gibraltar and refit, the matter was cleared up, and it was found that the ass had not only got safe to land, but actually made its way a distance of two hundred miles, through a rugged country intersected by streams, where he had never before been, and in as short a time as the journey could be performed, which proved that he must have kept a straight course throughout, neither diverging to the right or left.

These few instances will serve to exemplify what is meant by the operation of *simple instinct*.

We get upon more difficult ground when we come to consider what are called *modifications of instinct*; that is, the deviations of the instincts of animals, and their accommodation to circumstances; and these variations, as Kirby observes, are chiefly noticeable among the insect tribes. They often exhibit the most ingenious resources, their instincts surprisingly accommodating themselves to the new circumstances in which they are placed, in a manner more wonderful and incomprehensible than the existence of the faculties themselves.

Kirby, writing on this subject, relates some inte-

resting facts, some of which we shall transfer to our pages. He quotes from Bonnet the instance of a caterpillar which that naturalist confined in a box, and which, being denied access to the bark of which, in a state of freedom, its cocoon would have been constructed, formed that shelter for itself out of scraps of paper, fastened together by silk.

The caterpillar of the common cabbage butterfly, when changing into the chrysalis, usually attaches itself to the under side of a projecting wall coping, or some similar shelter, by a fine thread passing round its middle; and, to secure the adhesion of the ends of this thread to the smooth surface of the stone, otherwise a doubtful matter, commences its operations by weaving a silken web over a sufficient portion of the stone, to which web the "waistband" is attached. A few of these caterpillars having been reared in a box covered with a muslin lid, previously to passing into the chrysalis state, fastened themselves to this lid without concerning themselves about the usual web, the substance of the muslin furnishing a sufficient hold for the thread.

It is the habit of several of the humble-bees to roof their nests with a thick vault or coping of moss. Huber covered with a bell-glass a nest of one of the commonest species (*Bombus Muscorum*), and, the glass being placed on an uneven surface, "he stuffed up the interstices left with a linen cloth. This cloth, the bees, finding themselves in a situation where no moss was to be had, tore thread from thread, carded it with their feet into a felted mass, and applied it to the same purpose as moss, for which it was nearly as well adapted. Some other humble-bees tore the cover of a book, with which he had closed the top of the box which contained them, and made use of the detached morsels for covering their nest." Huber also made some interesting experiments, showing that, in particular circumstances, bees can alter the form of their cells.

This whole subject is, by the confession of the wisest and most painstaking philosophers, beset with difficulties. Who can say where instinct ends, and reason takes its place? Kirby himself was in doubt under which head to arrange many of his illustrations, and confesses that, in his original manuscript, he had adduced several facts as instances of the operation of reasoning powers, which, on more deliberate reflection, he had come to the conclusion were the results of instinctive adaptation to exceptional circumstances.

Let us now inquire upon what grounds the possession of reason—be the amount more or less restricted—has been attributed to the animal creation. Their attachment to and care of their offspring are without doubt almost invariably referable to instinct, as we find that when the young are able to shift for themselves, the parental solicitude is at an end; and indifference, or even repulsion, takes its place. But do not the gratitude and devotion evidenced by many animals to their human protectors proceed from a higher principle? It seems almost superfluous to mention the dog, of whose fidelity and affection for his master such innumerable anecdotes are related—and yet, to write upon the present subject, and not assign him a prominent position, would be almost as unsatisfactory a performance as "the play of 'Hamlet' with the part of Hamlet left out."

Mark the intelligence and delight expressed in his every feature, when, from his comfortable siesta on

the hearth-rug, he hears the well-known voice in the hall, or the equally well-known footstep, and rouses himself at once, his whole frame, from the point of his nose to the tip of his tail, vibrating with excitement. And, the door opened, how he bounds forward, to the great terror of some timid youngster in the way; and, planting his great paws upon his human friend's ribs, with earnest gaze of all but human expressiveness, says, as plainly as dog can do, "How very glad I am to see you home again; I've been longing so for you to come back." Perhaps you are resting in your easy-chair by the fire, with your favourite companion dozing at your feet. You suddenly address him as "Good old dog;" how gratefully and lovingly he looks up at you in return for the slight attention: if so thoroughly sleepy that he cannot open his eyes properly, he yet makes you an acknowledgment of it by one or two lazy wags of the tail. He never meets your advances with the chill indifference you often find among your fellow-mortals.

And these dogs are no "summer friends;" but in the hours of sickness, adversity, and distress, cleave to those who have protected them, and repay their care with tenfold assiduity. We knew a spaniel of the King Charles breed, who, when his mistress was in her last illness, lay upon the bed looking mournfully at her, and, for the closing days of her life, never moved from his self-chosen position except for a few minutes at a time. He appeared to know the moment of her departure, for, before the attendant relatives were aware that all was over, he set up a long pitiable howl, having previously only showed his sorrow by silent watching.

Very many touching stories have been recorded of these creatures; of their grief at the loss of those they have loved, and the almost impossibility of separating them from the cold remains; and how, when these are hid from their sight, they will, for days, months, even years, constitute themselves the unwearied guardians of the mound of earth which marks the spot. The circumstance which occasioned the composition of Scott's beautiful poem, "Hervellin," is well-known. An amiable and highly-talented young gentleman, who was in the habit of taking long rambles through the counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland, attended only by a favourite terrier, perished by losing his way, in the spring of 1805, on the above-mentioned mountain. His body was found three months afterwards, still watched over by the faithful companion of his solitary excursions. The poetry of Sir Walter is not so much in fashion as it used to be, and as it is possible that the lines may be new to some of our younger readers, we venture to quote two out of the five musical stanzas which compose the poem:—

"Dark green was that spot 'mid the brown mountain-heather,
Where the Pilgrim of Nature lay stretched in decay,
Like the corpse of an outcast abandon'd to weather,
Till the mountain-winds wasted the tenantless clay.
Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,
For faithful in death, his mute favourite attended,
The much-loved remains of his master defended,
And chased the hill-fox and the raven away.

"How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber?
When the wind waved his garment, how oft didst thou start?
How many long days and long weeks didst thou number,
Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart?
And, oh, was it meet that—no requiem read o'er him—
No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him,
And thou, little guardian, alone stretch'd before him,—
Unhonour'd the Pilgrim from life should depart?"

STREET SKETCHES.



"We'll let the bottle pass,
And we'll toss another glass
To the men of merry, merry England."

A LEISURE HOUR IN HADDINGTON.

IN the old days of posting and stage-coaches, the route from London to Edinburgh led naturally through the town of Haddington. The beautiful environs, the tortuous streets, the picturesque half-ruined church, were remembered as a pleasant feature of the long and formidable journey. The railway, however, has seriously altered the privileges of Haddington. It is no longer on the high road between the two capitals; it lies some miles from the main line of communication between London and Edinburgh. It is approached by a branch, involving the customary inconveniences so annoying to travellers. In consequence, the crowds of tourists who rush along at express speed from King's Cross to catch the "Iona," or reach the Trossachs, know nothing of the quiet old county town, rich in historical associations, which reposes undisturbed some six miles off. To the general world of travellers, therefore, Haddington is fast becoming a mythical locality, sometimes heard of but never seen, forgotten by the public, and visited only occasionally by stray loiterers like the present writer. Yet Haddington is not unworthy of a visit; the mere idle lover of the picturesque will find in it more to gratify his taste than in most Scotch county towns; and to the student of the history and literature of the country, Haddington is associated with many illustrious names, of which any city might well be proud.

Haddington makes a decidedly favourable first impression upon a stranger. It lies in a well-wooded, undulating valley, through which the Tyne meanders. On the south, the Lammermuirs present a bold and welcome contrast to the plain which they bound; eastward the line of sight is broken most picturesquely by a lofty conical mountain, called Traprain Law, which at once stamps an individuality on the scene; a chain of hills of varied outline stretches on the north; and westward, the eye wanders over a wide expanse of rich woods and elevated grounds, and just catches in the distance the familiar lion-form of Arthur's Seat, the smoke of "Auld Reekie," the gleaming Firth of Forth, and the distant hills of Fife. Altogether, therefore, the stranger enters Haddington with a most favourable impression; but it must be confessed that the town has not shown itself equal to its position. The streets are badly paved; the eye misses those rows of neat cottages, embosomed in roses or honeysuckle, which we expect to find fringing a country town; and above all, the total disregard of sanitary regulations in the matter of drainage speedily forces itself upon the tourist's attention, and enables him to understand why no town in Britain has suffered more severely from the ravages of cholera than this healthily situated country town. I suppose the good people of Haddington look upon drainage as purely an agricultural operation, for the benefit of cereals and green crops rather than for the benefit of human beings. Certainly no better cultivated fields are to be seen anywhere; the farmers are reputed to be the most skilful and enterprising in Britain, and the little town, which seems asleep on six days of the week, breaks out on the market-day into a fervour and bustle of buying and selling, of which the occasional visitor would scarcely suppose it to be capable. And yet this quiet country town, whose energy seems concentrated in the production of wheat and pota-

toes, has had a stirring history; it has stories to tell of war and devastation; it has been besieged by English, and Scotch, and French; it has its traditions of old border warfare; it was burned by Edward III and Protector Somerset; and, like so many other Scotch towns, it has its associations with Queen Mary: a house reputed to be Bothwell's is still standing, and the old woman who resides in it will tell you of secret subterranean passages which that daring baron used for the accomplishment of some of his lawless undertakings.

But Haddington contributed a more important actor, in those busy scenes which make the reign of Mary so notable, than even the Earl of Bothwell. Intellectually the two greatest Scotchmen of those days, perhaps the ablest of all Scotchmen, were John Knox, and William Maitland, of Lethington, and both of them belonged to Haddington. Of the reformer, it is now known that a great part of his early life was spent in his native town, and indeed till he reached the age of forty he was scarcely ever out of sight of it. The "lairds of Ormiston and Brunston," with whom he was so much associated, lived in the immediate neighbourhood; their property is only a few miles from Haddington. Maitland, at first a friend of Knox, but afterwards a partisan of Mary, and therefore Knox's enemy, was the only man in Scotland who could cope with the reformer in intellect; shrewd, subtle, highly educated, a diplomatist of unequalled ability, a polished courtier, a fearless statesman, his talents have always been known to the careful student of history, though it is only through the fascinating volumes of Froude that his name has lately become known to the more general reader. He made one grand blunder, from the consequences of which even his unrivalled ability could not extricate him; he espoused the cause of Mary when the great bulk of the nation had declared against her, and after a hopeless struggle he is believed to have poisoned himself, in order to avoid the disgrace of being hanged as a rebel, as his brave companion Kirkecaldy of Grange was.

It was part of my purpose in visiting Haddington to examine everything that might naturally be associated with these too great men. I was not sanguine enough to expect that statues had been erected in their honour, for I remembered that prophets are not usually most highly honoured in their own birth-places; and I knew by experience that sculpture was not extensively practised in Scotch country towns, where the simple population still speak of statues as *images*, gently insinuating thereby that they are of questionable lawfulness. When, however, I saw in the distance two statues, I made sure that they must represent Knox and Maitland, for I could not recall the names of any other natives who seemed worthy of such an unusual honour. But I was mistaken: the first statue, a colossal one on a pillar, was the effigy of a whilom country squire and member of Parliament, of whom few south of the Tweed have ever heard; the other, a neat modest bust, was erected to commemorate a Presbyterian minister of a neighbouring parish, either John Home, the author of "Douglas," a respectable production, highly popular in its day, and containing one speech—

"My name is Norval,"—

which seems to have secured an abiding popularity

with schoolboys, or his predecessor, Blair, author of "The Grave." Such were the men whom Haddington delights to honour: and as I turned away I could not help smiling as I imagined what John Knox would say could he revisit his native town and find there a monument to a minister of his church who had written poetry. Of Knox, in fact, there are no relics in Haddington; the name, I could perceive, is not yet extinct; the site of the house in which he was born is pointed out in a suburb across the Tyne, occupied almost entirely by Irish, and when I visited the spot, the first words of the *guidwife* who opened to me sufficiently betrayed her origin. In Geneva, I had read at the door of Calvin's house that it was now in the possession of the "little sisters of charity;" and I much fear that in the house which covers the supposed birthplace of Knox, crucifixes and other things are to be seen which the stern reformer would most vehemently have denounced. And straight opposite, just beyond the beautiful old parish church, one of the finest in Scotland, I could see the sharp gable of a recently-erected Roman Catholic chapel, where mass is regularly celebrated in the native town of the reformer, who declared that he would rather see ten thousand armed enemies land in Scotland, than one mass said in it. Even a loitering tourist could not but be moved to reflection; but the reader will prefer that the reflections should be suppressed. Maitland's residence, Lethington or Lennoxlove, stands about a mile out of Haddington; the lofty square tower, with antique rooms and ancient pictures and furniture, still presents much of the appearance which it must have worn when the great statesman formed his ambitious designs in it, and his father wrote his poems, and his brother studied law. The park around is one of much beauty; and the writer might fill many a column on the associations of the place; but Haddington is not yet exhausted, and we must not conclude without some notice of its later celebrities.

I am not sure that to the ordinary Scotchman of religious habits in humble life, especially if he lives in the country, and is a Dissenter, the name of John Knox is more familiarly known than that of John Brown, of Haddington. As John Brown is almost an unknown personage to the English reader, it may not be amiss to add that he was an excellent specimen of that indomitable energy and love of learning by which many of the poorest classes have in Scotland risen to fame and eminence. Born of poor parents, he was sent at the age of eleven to assist in earning his living by tending sheep on the hills; at a later period he turned pedlar, and tramped the country with a pack on his back, and he was subsequently a village schoolmaster. In all those occupations he continued his pursuit of knowledge under difficulties; he studied Greek, Latin, Hebrew, and other languages, ancient and modern, and was a voracious reader of divinity treatises. Such a career naturally terminated by his being ordained one of the ministers of the body of Dissenters to which he belonged. He was appointed to the pastoral charge of a congregation in Haddington in 1750, and his diligence and earnestness made his name revered throughout Scotland. It is reported that even David Hume was once induced to go to hear this famous preacher, and that he declared "this old man preaches as if Christ were at his elbow." He published many religious works which were greedily purchased all over Scotland, and

are still to be found in no inconsiderable numbers in the cottages of the decent peasantry; and his "Self-interpreting Bible" is not altogether unknown even south of the Tweed. Time has seriously eclipsed the literary reputation of his writings, but the fame of his high character and diligent work is still fresh in his native country, and in most parts of Scotland the town of Haddington is indissolubly associated with his memory. He has transmitted much of his energy and genius to his descendants; his grandson, Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh, held a very high place indeed among the preachers of the day; and his great grandson, John Brown, M.D., of Edinburgh, the author of "Rab and his Friends," has made the family name almost as popular in England as in Scotland.

Unquestionably, however, to most Englishmen, and especially to Londoners, the most interesting associations connected with the town of Haddington will be those suggested by the two names which still remain to be mentioned. In 1810 the magistrates of this quiet little town were seized with a fit of educational reform, and suddenly awoke to the idea that mathematics was a most important branch of knowledge, which it was exceedingly desirable to encourage in their schools. They determined, therefore, to add a mathematical master to the staff of the burgh school; and they requested Sir John Leslie, the famous professor of natural philosophy in Edinburgh, to recommend some one competent for this new office. In compliance with this request there came to Haddington a tall, ruddy, robust, handsome lad from Dumfriesshire, who had acquired a high reputation at the University, especially for his skill in mathematics. This was the afterwards renowned Edward Irving, then eighteen years of age. A kindly recollection and a profound admiration of the brilliant orator who once taught them the mysteries of mathematics still linger in a few hearts in Haddington; and the name of Irving will always give the town an interest, pleasant yet melancholy to those who have any sympathy with genius.

Irving's brief connection with Haddington has also been the means of associating the town with even a greater name than his. The story might be wrought out by cunning hands into a pretty little romance. The chief medical man in Haddington in those days was John Welsh, a descendant, some say, of John Knox. The doctor had an only child, and unfortunately she was a daughter; I say unfortunately, for the doctor was a man of enlarged ideas, and had in his head grand educational designs for the development of intellect, which, it was supposed, could not be put in practice on such inferior material as a female mind. Probably, he made no secret of his regret, and talked to his wife, in the presence of little Jane, of the splendid educational career which his son might have had, but on which a weak little girl could not be expected to enter. The little girl had her own reflections on the subject, and determined to convince papa that he was unduly disparaging her understanding. The great instrument of intellectual training, she had heard papa say, was the noble Latin language, which it was the glorious prerogative of the nobler sex to study. She procured a Latin grammar, and furtively pored over the opening pages till her design was ripe for execution. Irving's biographer has related the incident with a skill to which I can make no pretensions, and I therefore gladly avail myself of her words:—"The little

scholar had a dramatic instinct. She did not pour forth her first lesson as soon as it was acquired, or rashly betray her secret. She waited the fitting place and moment. It was evening, when dinner had softened out the asperities of the day; the doctor sat in luxurious leisure in his dressing-gown and slippers, sipping his coffee, and all the cheerful accessories of the fireside picture were complete. The little heroine had arranged herself under the table, under the crimson folds of the cover, which concealed her small person. All was still; the moment was arrived. '*Penna, penna*,' etc., burst forth the little voice in breathless steadiness. The result may be imagined. The doctor smothered his child with kisses; the victory was complete." Edward Irving was promoted to the honourable office of Jane's tutor, and he performed its duties with admiring enthusiasm. His system of education was somewhat peculiar. On the dark winter mornings when he arrived before breakfast to give his lesson, he would seize his pupil in his arms (she was a little girl of nine) and take her out to the open air, and show her the stars and constellations, and tell her their names; and when lessons were finished he would set her on the table and impart to her some rudimentary notions of metaphysics, and some outline of the art of logic, to the great annoyance of the household, who were grievously perplexed with the syllogisms of the young philosopher. Between teacher and pupil the warmest affection subsisted, which grew and strengthened with daily intercourse; "and, of course," the reader exclaims, "this juvenile attachment ripened into love, and the pupil became the faithful partner in after years of her teacher's joys and sorrows." Well, not quite. Irving always loved his "dear and lovely pupil," but she became the wife of another. On leaving Haddington, Irving went to Kirkealdy, again in the humble capacity of schoolmaster, and there his warm heart attracted to him another young Dumfriesshire lad also engaged in the same laborious occupation, Thomas Carlyle. He introduced his friend to his former pupil, and his quick eye speedily detected the secret of his pupil's affections. Jane Welsh became the spouse of Thomas Carlyle, the faithful and noble companion of his life and literary labours. On the little farm of Craigenputtock, which he acquired by his marriage, the philosopher composed many of his most famous and characteristic works. For forty years she was "the true helpmate of her husband," and it was with no counterfeited sorrow that the greyheaded man stood in mournful silence within the walls of the beautiful old church of Haddington, while in the spring of 1866 the dust of his faithful spouse was laid to mingle with that of her father. The church, the lamp of Lothian it used to be called, from its light and graceful tower, is as calm a resting-place as one could wish; even in England it would not be easy to find a spot more appropriate for the repose of the dead than beneath the solemn arches of the ruined choir where the stillness is only broken by the gentle murmur of the little stream that rushes past on its pebbly bed. The English tourist who finds his time hang heavy on his hands in Edinburgh may not unpleasantly spend an afternoon in the old country town, to whose associations we have thus very briefly adverted. Knox and Maitland, Irving and Carlyle; few towns can boast of such names; and it may be hoped that the educated traveller who turns aside with reverence to visit the "homes and haunts" of genius in foreign lands, will not in

future entirely neglect a town which is thus associated with some of the greatest men that our country has produced. In no spirit of intrusive curiosity, but with admiration and sympathy, we close our notice of Haddington with the inscription which Carlyle has caused to be placed over the grave of his wife: "Here now rests Jane Welsh Carlyle, spouse of Thomas Carlyle, Chelsea, London. She was born at Haddington, 14th July, 1801; only child of the above John Welsh, and of Grace Welsh, his wife. In her bright existence, she had more sorrows than are common; but also a soft invincibility, a clearness of discernment, and a noble loyalty of heart, which are rare. For forty years she was the true and ever-loving helpmate of her husband, and, by act and word, unweariedly forwarded him, as none else could, in all of worth that he did or attempted. She died at London, 21st April, 1866; suddenly snatched away from him, and the light of his life as if gone out."

IRON SHIP-BUILDING.

WHEN "wooden walls" was the universal trope of ships that went down upon the sea, then the builder of ships had small range of adaptation. If a tree did not chance to grow aright, he could not make it aright, so economy of the forests' arboriculture was an important part of every government that aspired to nautical dignity—be it for commerce, be it for warlike purposes. Especially was this the case before the resources of extraneous timber were thrown open to commerce, and native timber had to stand in aid. These were circumstances under which native growths of good ship-building trees constituted the chief element of maritime supremacy; and although we have seen countries—Holland, for example—which from the first was dependent on extraneous supply, yet the advantages of a nation otherwise circumstanced will be evident. In England some of us are old enough to remember the close of the last century, when "George the Third was king;" and if chancing to live in a woodland part of the country where oak abounded, more especially if near a royal forest, we may remember how likely oak-trees were watched and nursed, up to the time when woodman's axe and saw should fell them in the interests of the Royal Navy.

The woodman's art was a real craft then: it has long since been shorn of its dignity. First came the importation of African and American oak, then of teak and mahogany. British oak never lost its pre-eminence as to quality, but ships were built faster than British oak-trees could be grown, and so we had to ransack the world in quest of fitting timber. A great point with the naval woodman was to discover if trees of goodly proportions and fair-looking growth were sound at heart, not hollow and deceptive within. He tried to discover this, and he usually succeeded, by listening to the sound of hammer strokes laid upon the bark, and external woody skin. Many a gnarled oaken-tree that, picturesque to look at, would not have been deemed likely for ship-building by you or me, or any other unprofessional person, commended itself to the regards of the naval woodman. We perhaps should have attached to it a value in reference to its plank-making quality, but in ship-building other points had to be considered, and notably its fitness to the purposes of knee

timbers. Now, what are knee timbers? Inspection of the 'tween decks of any wooden ship will furnish reply to that question. There the upper deck—"the ceiling," as a landsman might call it—is seen to be supported from the sides by what again a landsman might call "brackets." These brackets are the knee timbers, and in ship-building it is a great desideratum to fashion these out of timber that has grown naturally at the proper knee angle. In this way, gnarled fantastic oaks acquired a high ship-building value. To have made them as a house joiner would have made them out of two separate pieces of timber set rectangularly, would never have done. Such knee timbers would have been altogether too weak for withstanding the violent shocks of the ocean. For the growth of timber suitable to masts and spars, England was never well situated. Here straightness of growth is a necessary element, and hence oak timber is, so to speak, useless. Varieties of the pine, or fir tribe, supply the typical wood for this portion of naval architecture, and although masts and spars are now sometimes made of iron, constructed tubularly, yet the pine tribe maintains, and probably will always maintain, a high eminence in the art and practice of naval construction. Sweden and Norway furnish timber for excellent masts and spars, though perhaps inferior to certain parts of the island of Corsica. All perhaps in this particular respect take second rank to the northern part of the northernmost island of New Zealand, the mast and spar-yielding facilities of which are well known to every British ship-builder, and laid under extensive contribution.

Our theme was iron ships; we are writing about wooden ones; the fact being that until we know the advantages and disadvantages of the one class, we cannot be expected to know the corresponding advantages and disadvantages of the other. Now, it is probable that if wooden ships could have been made equally impervious with iron ones, to cannon balls, and shells, and all the other murderous missiles of modern artillery, the era of iron ship-building would have been considerably delayed; assuredly iron ships would not have been used for warfare. It is a well-established fact that an iron ship, if used for warfare at all, must be armoured, iron-plated; by which we mean that, independently of the iron skin necessary to ordinary strength, as against the fury of wind and waves, an external protection must be laid on in the shape of iron slabs, as against the impact of shot and shell. If an iron ship be once perforated, it is in much worse case than a wooden ship. Going through a plank of timber, a cannon shot makes a comparatively small hole; one easily plugged by the ship's carpenter, as one would bung the orifice of a beer barrel. Then again, iron, if once perforated, scatters splinters which are more dangerous than wood; and if an iron ship be knocked to pieces, either in warfare or by tempests, going aground, or any other cause, its pieces float no longer, there is little of wreck to cling to. Moreover, the compass needle works more satisfactorily on the binnacle of wooden ships, the enormous attractive mass of iron ones promoting an injurious disturbance, which can only be counterbalanced by special, and not always satisfactory arrangements. Lastly, and perhaps this is most grave of all, whereas a wooden bottom can be effectually protected against the adhesion of barnacles, sea-weed, and other forms of marine life, by the device of a copper sheathing, this mode, in connection with iron ships, is wholly im-

practicable. Knowing that copper so well protects a wooden bottom, the question will arise wherefore the same metal cannot be applied to iron. To give an answer we shall have to pass under review the electrical relations of the two metals.

It is a fundamental law of galvanic or voltaic electricity, that whenever two metals come together in contact with a liquid capable of acting on both, but to an unequal extent, then one metal is wholly sacrificed to the preservation of the other. In illustration, witness what arises when an iron paling is set in a bed-work of lead. After some years' exposure to atmospheric influence, the iron is seen to disintegrate, to rot—if one likes to call it so—away, leaving the lead intact. Hence, having regard to our illustration, we may adopt the expression, sacrificial metal. We may say that when iron and lead come into contact, iron is the sacrificial metal, and to come to our precise case, when copper is laid upon iron, the latter is wholly sacrificed to the preservation of the former. Now, this being just the reverse of what is wanted, copper in no shape or form will answer the need of iron bottoms. To make it available, all sorts of expedients have been tried. Iron bottoms have been encased in wooden jacketing, then the copper laid on the wood. Iron bottoms have been smeared with asphalt, coated with india-rubber or gutta-percha, to afford a foundation for the copper. Copper has been chemically brought to an impalpable powder, then mixed with oil, and superimposed as paint, but all without avail. The only present expedient is one or more varieties of marine paint, which answers so imperfectly that in the crew of every iron ship of war there are divers and a diving apparatus, for the express purpose of descending under the water-line, and scrubbing away impurities. The disadvantage to a ship of being covered with sea-weeds, barnacles, and other forms of marine life, may not at a first glance be obvious. The bulk of these attachments to the bottom of a large iron ship may be enormous, even scores of waggon loads, and when it is known that a smart skipper, or martinet naval captain, will not allow so much as a rag to dangle in the waves from the vessel's sides, because of the proportionate loss of speed to the vessel, some idea of the impeding influence of these marine attachments will dawn upon the reader.

They mean loss of speed, in the first instance, then loss of money in the second. Every hour occupied by a ship traversing her ocean course involves a heavy expenditure. The crew have to be fed, and if a merchant ship, delivery of cargo to suit a market has to be contemplated. If a steamer, there is an extra outlay of coal; if a war ship, whether steam or sailing, one of the first requisitions of successful war—punctuality, keeping time like a clock—has to be violated. Ships have to be protected against the erosive action of water inside as well as outside. Despite all precautions, ships will leak more or less, bilge-water will accumulate. Barnacles, indeed, cannot get into the hold, but marine salts can, and upon the inside of an iron bottom, if not protected, they would act very much like so much oil of vitriol or aquafortis. One of the most common modes of protection consists in laying on a certain thickness of Roman or Portland cement, both of which sets into stonelike hardness. If a ship were an immovable structure, the device might be thoroughly efficient, but as it is a moving structure, certain troubles arise. By straining of the vessel, minute fissures are pro-

duced, into which the bilge-water penetrating, acts upon the iron underneath. By-and-by scales of the hardened cement peel off, and when pumping has to be done the pumps are injured. The preceding are the chief defects of iron ships; they are very grave, but still the building of iron ships goes on increasing.

In this art nature does nothing but furnish the iron ore. The ship-builder cares not at all whether his material come to his workshop in large pieces or small. In many respects, small ones have an advantage, permitting that mingling of different sorts which experience has proved to be necessary. If an iron ship-builder could secure an adequate supply of old nails, he would appreciate the windfall. It is a very easy matter with him to change iron nails into an iron slab, and this by following a process exactly similar to the manufacture of a pie-crust.

It is amusing to see the odds and ends, of nails, knives, old screws, and bolts—every imaginable refuse of wrought-iron that comes into the factory of an iron ship-builder, to be transformed by his plastic art into those enormous shot and shell-proof structures which are now the boast of our navy. What does he do with those shreds and patches? He lays them upon a thin iron sheet to serve the purpose of a wrapper. He bends up that sheet like a sort of pie-crust, and makes the shreds and patches into a sort of iron pie. Then he swings the pie into a sort of oven, but such an oven! You can hardly look into it for brightness; as easily might you look upon the mid-day sun. Into this oven it goes, and there remains until the iron cook shall have deemed the baking satisfactory. To get such a pie, weighing tons it may be, would seem no easy matter, yet the thing is done with no more difficulty than a baker experiences in getting out his baked loaves of bread. It is a work, however, which necessitates the most complete organisation on the part of those employed.

A gang of workmen stand round the furnace. I will not attempt to describe the strange looking tools they handle. Some are straight, some are hooked, but all of course are of iron wholly. Presently all eyes are directed to the furnace door; then, at a sign from the foreman, that door slides up, pulled by chains, and the iron pie is revealed. How exactly it is got out, in the marvellously short time it is got out, the writer cannot clearly explain, though he has seen the process often. The very air burns with a radiating heat. You pant, you wipe your eyes, when, opening them, you see by some conjuring trick, as it might well seem, the white-hot iron pie swinging in mid air from massive chains. As soon as you have gathered your scattered faculties, you next see that the iron pie is not stationary, but moving towards the steam-hammer in a circular course. The chains depend from a massive crane which, turning upon a pivot, give the needed motion. Presently upon the anvil it is laid, when, quicker than thought, the gigantic steam-hammer, tons upon tons in weight, is down upon it. A heavy thud, as though a mountain had fallen upon a quagmire; a coruscation of sparks like a display of pyrotechny; a lava-like shower of molten impurity leaks from, and all about the outer crust of the iron pie, now a pie no longer, but a slab of iron more or less consistent. Thud upon thud now follow fast, every stroke being delivered on a new surface, to expose which, this enormous mass of iron has of course to

be turned about. How it is turned about is almost more than the writer can understand. The workmen are silent as undertakers' mutes, yet, speaking not a word, they pull, and push, and bring their aggregate force together with the precision almost of clock-work. All this time the iron mass has been cooling, and by-and-by it has become so cold that hammering would do more harm than good; the welding point would have been passed, and the iron no longer adherent. Back to the furnace then it goes to acquire more heat, and be subjected to further and similar treatment.

We have next to consider what precise form and thickness we desire our iron to have. Is it our intent to manufacture a thin iron-plate for ship-building proper, or a thick iron slab for ship armouring? If a thin plate, then to the rolling mills our slab must go as a matter of necessity. If a thick slab, it may be fashioned to completeness either by the steam-hammer or by the rolling mill, at option. Much difference of opinion exists as to which is the better plan, and between different iron-masters the writer will not dare to decide. One particular block shall go to the rolling mill, of which the following is a description. Two massive iron rollers are set horizontally at a distance proportionate to the intended thickness of plate or slab. Between these rollers the iron mass glowing from the furnace is thrust. In an instant it is grasped, and through it goes. The ponderous cylinders scream and go on, the speed of the engine fly-wheel obviously decreasing whilst the metal is in transit. The requisite thinness is not accomplished all at once; no machinery could withstand a strain so enormous. Little by little the thing is done, wherefore, as a necessity, so often as the attenuated slab rolls to the opposite side it must be brought back over the cylinders to the side whence it departed. The wonderful address which the operatives bring to this part of their duty must be seen to be appreciated. Talk of conjuring, here is legerdemain indeed, and turned to useful account. It is a beautiful sight to watch an iron slab oozing out, so to speak, between the massive rollers in layers of molten fire. A bystander has to mark his distance well, or suddenly he might find himself standing upon a foundation of white-hot iron. When the plate or slab is thin enough, it has to be trimmed at the edges. Moderately thin plates are thus trimmed by a pair of titanesque scissors, and with the same facility that a length of calico is trimmed. Slabs cannot be cut in this fashion. No shears, however powerful, could get through a slab of eight inches thick, for example. A slitting machine is now brought to bear. It consists of a chisel worked by machinery, and operating in a narrow groove. In this way the trimming is done with exquisite neatness; no joiner working on wood could operate with greater neatness.

Thus at length we have our materials for constructing an iron ship. First, thin plates are riveted together, whence results the ship itself, and if a merchant vessel, the process is complete. If a war ship, ponderous iron slabs have to be superimposed; not all the way down to the keel, however, that would make the ship too heavy. Usually, iron ships are constructed in water-tight compartments to afford additional safety in case of shot perforation or wreck. Save painting and masting and fitting, we now regard our iron ship complete. When her compasses are adjusted, her crew found, and her stores laid in, she may go to sea.

Varieties.

PUBLIC SALARIES AND ANNUITIES.—The income-tax returns under Schedule E, which is for incomes derived from public offices and from annuities, pensions, or stipends payable by her Majesty or out of the public revenue, show an increasing charge from year to year. In the three financial years ending respectively on the 5th of April, 1865, 1866, and 1867, the number of persons charged under this schedule was 112,861, 121,043, and 121,618 respectively; in England (including Wales), 100,738, 108,465, 108,582; in Scotland, 5,956, 6,352, 6,326; in Ireland, 6,167, 6,226, 6,710. The incomes of these recipients of public moneys, charged with income-tax under this schedule, amounted to £20,451,166 in the financial year 1864-65, £21,528,302 in 1865-66, £21,686,108 in 1866-67; in England £18,296,977, £19,302,453, £19,330,362, in the three years respectively; in Scotland, £996,947, £1,057,308, £1,088,602; in Ireland, £1,157,242, £1,168,536, £1,267,144. The amount of the incomes charged with the tax in the year 1867-68 averaged £178 per man—£178 in England, £172 in Scotland, nearly £189 in Ireland. The persons charged with income-tax in the United Kingdom under this schedule are classed as follows:—36,967 were charged on incomes under £100 in the year 1864-65, 40,027 in 1865-66, 42,742 in 1866-67. On incomes of £100 and under £200 a year 45,179 persons were charged in 1864-65, 47,122 in 1865-66, 44,612 in 1866-67. On incomes of £200 and under £300 there were 15,545, 16,125, and 16,225 persons charged in the three years respectively. On incomes of £300 and under £400 there were 5,737, 7,551, and 7,639 persons charged. On incomes of £400 and under £500 there were 3,136, 3,532, and 3,543 persons charged. On incomes of £500 and under £600 there were 1,750, 1,882, 2,006 persons charged. On incomes of £600 and under £700 there were 999, 1,056, 1,087 persons charged. On incomes of £700 and under £800 there were 703, 797, 783 persons charged. On incomes of £800 and under £900, 493, 539, 503 persons charged. On incomes of £900 and under £1,000 there were 290, 325, 323 persons charged. On incomes of £1,000 and under £2,000 there were 1,664, 1,682, 1,738 persons charged. On incomes of £2,000 and under £3,000 there were 203, 101, 207 persons charged. On incomes of £3,000 and under £4,000 there were 75, 74, 91 persons charged. On incomes of £4,000 and under £5,000 there were 39, 34, 34 persons charged. On incomes of £5,000 and upwards, there were 76, 66, 85 persons charged; the three numbers being, throughout this enumeration, for the three respective years above-named. The great majority of these incomes of public functionaries, officers, and servants were assessed in England. The incomes above £1,000 a year were assessed as follows in the year 1866-67:—£1,000 and under £2,000, 1,594 in England, 65 in Scotland, 79 in Ireland; £2,000 and under £3,000, 179 in England, 11 in Scotland, 17 in Ireland; £3,000 and under £4,000, 67 in England, 13 in Scotland, 11 in Ireland; £4,000 and under £5,000, 25 in England, 3 in Scotland, 6 in Ireland; £5,000 and upwards, 80 in England, none in Scotland, 5 in Ireland.

HONEYCOMB-ROBBING BEETLES.—A species of *Sitaris* lives, during the greater part of its life, a robber in the honeycomb of a wild bee. It issues from the egg in the shape of a tiny black insect, with six powerful legs, a curious arrangement of hair-like spikes, a peculiarly constructed tail, and powerful jaws. It possesses great functional activity, and, small though it is, fairly deserves to be called a creature of high organisation. The grub of the cockchafer and other beetles rises through the transitory stage of a pupa into the winged adult stage. But the *Sitaris* sinks from this active, legged, armour-bearing phase, into a condition in which it is well-nigh legless, practically motionless, and bereft of sense. It becomes in fact a tiny boat-shaped, soft, white-ringed sac, the mere casing of an insatiate stomach. This surely is a degradation. From this phase, in which it ranks lower than a maggot, it passes through a period of digestive as well as muscular quiescence, accompanied by a corresponding simplicity of form, into one in which it wears the ordinary features of the larva of a beetle, and thence into the perfect adult form. Viewed as a matter of high or low organisation, we have here first an exaltation above the natural condition of a coleopterous larva, then a fearful degradation, and finally once more a rise; altogether a flagrant contradiction to the law of general progress. But the changes at once appear simple and intelligible when we take into consideration the story of the creature's life. The *Sitaris* is born to live in the honeycomb of a bee, not like the cockchafer, to spend most of its days grubbing in the earth. The parent lays its eggs in the

galleries of the bee's nest. The little black larvæ which issue from those eggs fasten themselves in due time to the bodies first of the male and then of the female bees as they flit in and out of their nest and from flower to flower. Hence the strangely perfected structure of these little creatures. Hence it is they wear these hair-like spikes, are armed with this peculiar tail, possess these powerful legs. Hence it is that their whole economy is made to serve the one purpose of holding on to some body in constant motion, when a fall may be dreaded every instant. As the poor bee, little witting the enemy she is bearing on her body, places carefully her egg in the chamber of honey she has so anxiously prepared for it, the black guest springs from the mother to the egg, and floats securely on it in a lake of honey, while the bee with diligence closes the door of the cell on both. Tearing the egg-shell with its jaws, jaws constructed for this, and for this alone, the beetle larva devours the egg, and so is left alone floating on the honey with the empty egg-shell for a raft. But with its present organisation, the honey would be to it but a butt of Malmsey, stuff to be drowned in, not to feed upon. Hence it is that, having accomplished with these instruments of "high degree" the first labours of life, it now throws them off, moults legs, jaw, tail, and spikes, and, boat-like, rides securely on its little lake of honey. The low organisation is here a better than the high one. Daily, hourly, it drinks in the honey, transforming it into flesh and blood, and storing it up as fatty tissue in the space between the untiring stomach and its all but lifeless integumentary casing; and having done that, enters into its period of rest. Then other forces come into play, forces belonging rather to long-past events than to present needs, and after the rest, the life wears the dress of an ordinary coleopterous larva. Soon from the honey-cell there issues not a bee, but a beetle, and then the same tale is told all over again. —*Quarterly Review.*

SIR J. Y. SIMPSON'S EARLY CAREER.—Sir James Y. Simpson, Bart., the celebrated professor of midwifery in the University of Edinburgh, on being last autumn presented with the freedom of that city, gave the following interesting account of his career:—"Tis full forty years since I came first to Edinburgh, and entered its university as a very, very young, and very solitary, very poor, and almost friendless, student. But matters are now so entirely changed and reversed that I feel at this moment as if in the distinction which you have conferred upon me, the community of Edinburgh, as a body, offered me the right hand of cordial fellowship and the kindest felicitations. Nor was my original ambition in any way very great. After obtaining my surgical diploma I became a candidate for a situation in the west of Scotland, for the attainment of which I fancied that I possessed some casual local interest. The situation was surgeon to the small village of Inverkip, on the Clyde. When not selected, I felt perhaps a deeper amount of chagrin and disappointment than I have ever experienced since that date. If chosen I would probably have been working there as a village doctor still. But like many other men I have found strong reason to recognise the mighty fact that assuredly

'There's a Divinity doth shape our ends,
Rough hew them how we will.'

Or, in the language of the French proverb, 'Man proposes, but God disposes.' Through the ceaseless love and kindness of a dear elder brother, and in consequence of gaining the Macpherson University Bursary, I was enabled to study for some time longer at the university, and obtain my medical degree. Professor Thompson—to whom I was then personally unknown, but to whose advice and guidance I subsequently owed an endless debt of gratitude—happened accidentally to have allotted to him my graduation thesis. He approved of it, and engaged me as his assistant, and hence, in brief, I came to settle down a citizen of Edinburgh, and fight amongst you a hard and uphill battle of life for bread, and name, and fame; and the fact that I stand before you this day so far testifies that in this arduous struggle I have won. Some seven or eight years after my graduation, and in this very room, all the fortune and destiny of my future life were one forenoon swayed and settled by a vote of the town council of Edinburgh, when they elected me professor of midwifery in the university. On the day of election one of the patrons eagerly urged in this hall that if I were chosen as Dr. Hamilton's successor, the hotel-keepers, merchants, and others in the city, would have good reason to complain, as I could never be expected like him to induce patients to come occasionally from a distance to our city. But I think

that prophetic objection has been even more fully gainsayed than the other; for I believe I have had the good fortune to draw towards our beloved and romantic town more strangers than ever sought it before for mere health's sake; and that, too, from most parts of the globe—from America and Australia, from Asia and Africa, and from the various kingdoms of Europe. The Lord Provost has alluded in too flattering terms to some of the portions of the work which I have been permitted to do during my professional life. I only wish my deserts were more worthy of your kind eulogy; for sometimes, when I look back and reflect, I feel regret and dismay that my avocations and my idleness have prevented me from doing more for the promotion of a science and art which, like medicine, calls aloud for so much devotion and study from its followers and votaries. You adverted to the discovery of the anæsthetic effects of chloroform. Perhaps you will allow me to state that there are various manufactories of it in Great Britain, and that a single one of these located in Edinburgh makes as many as 8,000 doses a day, or between 2,000,000 and 3,000,000 of doses every year—evidence to what a great extent the practice is now carried of wrapping men, women, and children in a painless sleep during some of the most trying moments and hours of human existence—and especially when our frail brother-man is laid upon the operating table and subjected to the tortures of surgeons' knives and scalpels, his saws and his canteries. Acupressure is not ten years old, but during that brief period it has spread over the surgical world to a greater extent than its predecessor, the ligature, did in two centuries."

UNITED STATES POST OFFICE.—It appears that in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1869, 760,000,000 letters passed through the mails of the United States, being an increase of 40,000,000 over any previous year. This is about 20 letters per head for every man, woman, and child in the United States.

STATIONS OF THE BRITISH NAVY.—The official list of the ships of the Royal Navy in commission, and their several stations, shows a strange contrast with lists of no very remote date. The steamers number 187, while the total of the "wooden walls" of old England is forty-one. Of these only fourteen are on foreign stations, the remainder being in our own harbours. Of the sailing ships with historic names few survive, the most noted being the *Asia*, the *Excellent*, the *St. Vincent*, and the *Victory*, all at Portsmouth. Of the steamers, forty-four only are at home stations, including seven on coastguard service at various ports in England or Ireland. Twenty-two ships are on "particular service," including the *Galatea* and the other ships attending the Duke of Edinburgh. Nine are in North America and the West Indies, and no fewer than thirty in China and Japan. Ten ships are at the Cape, or on the West Coast of Africa.

BLINKERS AND BEARING-REINS.—There are many proceedings that are tormenting, or, at all events, that occasion uneasiness to animals, which are unnoticed on account of being habitual, but might well be spared, and to advantage in other respects besides the relief of the animal. Abolishing the bearing-rein has been one, which is by degrees making its way in the world. Another might be by getting rid of the blinkers, or, at all events, making the application of them the exception, and not the rule. This is now done with all horses employed for draught in the military service, the artillery, engineers, military transport, etc., and without any inconvenience whatever. It is also done by a few individuals, and it is believed with the same result. Horses that can see freely what is about them are much less likely to be startled and to swerve, from the ordinary occurrences on the road, than those whose view is restricted to a very narrow and imperfect view, exclusively in front; less subject to be disturbed and frightened, for the prevention of which the contrivance is alone applied; and a part of the paraphernalia of their equipment in harness might thus be dispensed with.—*Field-Marshal Sir J. F. Burgoyne in the "Animal World."*

RICHARD WHITTINGTON.—"Grafton's Chronicle" speaks of him as follows:—"This yere (1406) a worthie citizen of London, Rychard Whittington, mercer and alderman, was elected maior of the sayde cite, and bare that office three tymes. This worshipfull man so bestowed his goodes and substance to the honour of God, to the reliefe of the pore, and to the benefit of the comon weale, that he hath right well deserved to be registered in the boke of fame;" and adds—"Looke upon this, ye aldermen, for it is a glorious glasse,"—pp. 433-34. And now please to observe the acts which rendered this man famous:—"1. He was the first to introduce drinking fountains to the City of London, and Whittington's bosse or tap in St. Giles's, Cripplegate, was celebrated by the poets of the day. 2. As the

poor man's champion he was perpetually prosecuting the London brewers and butchers for forestalling meat, and selling dear and perhaps adulterated ale. 3. He was the first to interfere in the cause of suffering humanity by the improvement of prison discipline, by rebuilding the gaol of Newgate, which was then 'so small and imperfect that it occasioned the death of many.' 4. He was the first to establish a public library, having founded that of the Grey Friars in Newgate Street in 1421. 5. He repaired at his own cost the hospital of St. Bartholomew, Smithfield, which was founded by Rayere in 1102. 6. He entirely paved and glazed Guildhall, at his own expense, at a time when great public buildings were neither paved nor glazed at all. 7. To him was committed by Henry v the rebuilding of the present beautiful nave of Westminster Abbey, which had been burnt down in a former reign; and such was this king's appreciation of Whittington's taste that he issued an order that no alterations or improvements should take place in the City without consulting Whittington. 8. He rebuilt at his own cost the church of St. Michael and the chapel annexed to Guildhall. He was among the benefactors of the chapel at the east end of Rochester Bridge. He founded the college known still by his name at St. Michael Paternoster, in the City of London, since removed to its present situation. 9. He was three times (Malcolm says four times, but once, I think, as deputy) Lord Mayor of London and twice sheriff. 10. But one of the most historical acts for which he is celebrated is the advances which he made to the king, who, having pawned his crown and his jewels for carrying on the war in France, could not have succeeded in his object, nor would the battle of Agincourt have been fought, of which every Englishman is proud, but for the sines of war supplied by Richard Whittington, of whom tradition says, and there is every reason to believe it, that when the king would have repaid him he put the bonds in the fire and cancelled the debt. Richard's brother, Guy, was himself one of the commanding officers at that great battle." Does not, then, such a man deserve a statue as much as Walworth, Gresham, and others?—*Samuel Lysons, F.S.A.*

LEGH RICHMOND AND HIS MOTHER.—Legh Richmond, writing to his mother, says,—“Your occasional doubts and fears arise from too much considering faith and repentance as the *grounds*, rather than the *evidences*, of salvation. The truth is, that a weak faith makes the soul as sincere, though not so happy, as a strong one; and an imperfect repentance, as we deem it, may be sincere, and, therefore, a work of grace. Our salvation is not because we do well, but because ‘He, in whom we trust, hath done all things well.’ The believing sinner is never more happy and secure than when at the same moment he beholds and feels his own vileness, and also his Saviour's excellence. You look at yourself too much, and at the infinite price paid for you too little. For conviction you must look at yourself, but for comfort at your Saviour. Thus the wounded Israelites were to look only at the brazen serpent for recovery. The graces of the Spirit are good things for others to judge us by, but it is Christianity as received, believed in, rested upon, loved and followed, that will speak *peace* to ourselves. By looking unto Him we shall grow holy; and the more holy we grow, the more we shall mourn over sin, and be sensible how very short we come of what we yet desire to be. While our sanctification is a gradual and still imperfect work, our justification is perfect and complete: the former is wrought *in* us, the latter *for* us. Rely simply as a worthless sinner on the Saviour, and the latter is all your own, with its accompanying blessings of pardon, acceptance, adoption, and the non-imputation of sin to your charge. Hence will flow thankful obedience, devotedness of heart, etc. This salvation is by faith alone, and thus saving faith works by love. Embrace these principles freely, fully, and impartially, and you will enjoy a truly Scriptural peace, assurance, and comfort.”—*Bickersteth's Life of Richmond.*

A STONE-DRESSING MACHINE.—This machine, which is an American invention, consists of a simple arrangement by which a block of stone can be made to travel beneath a transverse bar, carrying either a series of chisels or a single knife. To this bar a kind of oscillatory motion is imparted by a crank axle, so that the action of a workman's hand and mallet is very exactly imitated, but with a speed and force that no workman can attain. Certain varieties of granite that have hitherto had no market value on account of their extreme hardness, the cost of dressing having exceeded the worth of the material, can be worked by the machine with the utmost facility. The ordinary process is first to subject the rough stone to the action of a row of chisels, separated by interspaces, so that the surface is grooved, and then to replace the chisels by a continuous blade, that reduces the ground surface to one that is uniformly level.